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The ALL NEW
FLINTSTONES
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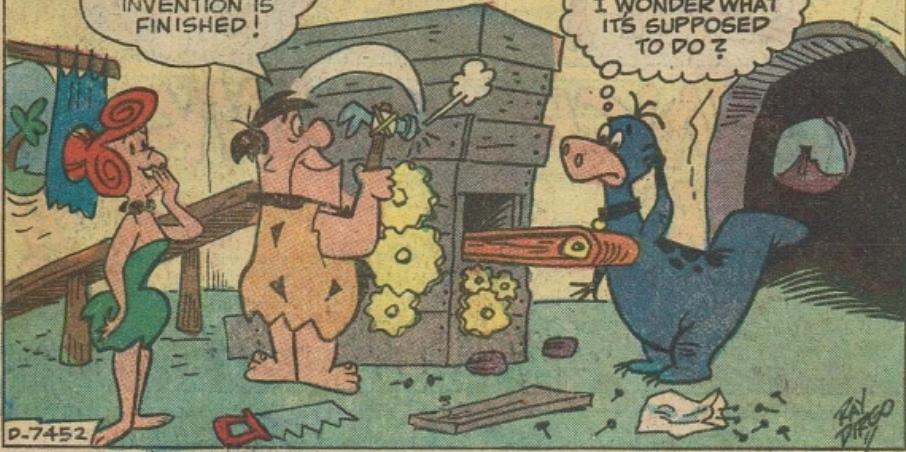


The FLINTSTONES

IT'S TOUGH TO BE A GENIUS!

THERE! MY NEW
INVENTION IS
FINISHED!

I WONDER WHAT
ITS SUPPOSED
TO DO?



FLINTSTONES

THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 7, No. 45, May, 1976,

Published every six weeks by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher. George R. Wildmen, Managing Editor. Second class postage paid at Derby Conn. 06418. 30¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.80 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1976 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.







WHEN I GOT THE IDEA FOR MAKIN' THAT GIZMO THAT RUINED ALL THE GOOD FIREWOOD IT WUZ LIKE I HAD A DREAM AN' I INVENTED WHAT I SAW IN THE DREAM!







The FLINTSTONES

The GREAT LOVER

OH, FAIR JULIET,
DUH...UH...
LIKE GOOD-NIGHT,
I THINK I HEAR YER
OLD MAN COMIN'!

FRED, READ
IT THE WAY
IT WAS
WRITTEN!

HE CAN'T... HE
DROPPED
PIZZA ON IT
BEFORE!

D-7453

RAY DURGO

NO, NO, NO!!!

YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE
THE BEDROCK DINER MENU!

THAT'S MY
FAVORITE
READIN', MR.
DE SILLIE!

IT WASN'T
FUNNY, YOU
FAT FOOL!

YABBA-DABBA-
DOO! THAT'S THE
FUNNIEST BIT
I EVER SEEN!

Pop

1





CAN'T YOU IDIOTS REFRAIN FROM FIGHTING FOR A FEW MOMENTS?

NAH, I HIT HIM ON THE HEAD!

WITH A FAKE CLUB!



WILMA SEZ SHE MARRIED) SHE THOUGHT
ME CUZ SHE THOUGHT HE'D LOSE
I'D TURN OUT TA BE A WEIGHT, GROW
A MOUSTACHE AND SLICK DOWN HIS HAIR!



THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT!



ALAKAZOWIE!
ALAKAZOWIE!



I DUB THEE ROMEO FLINTSTONE!
ALL WOMEN WILL LOVE YOU ON SIGHT!

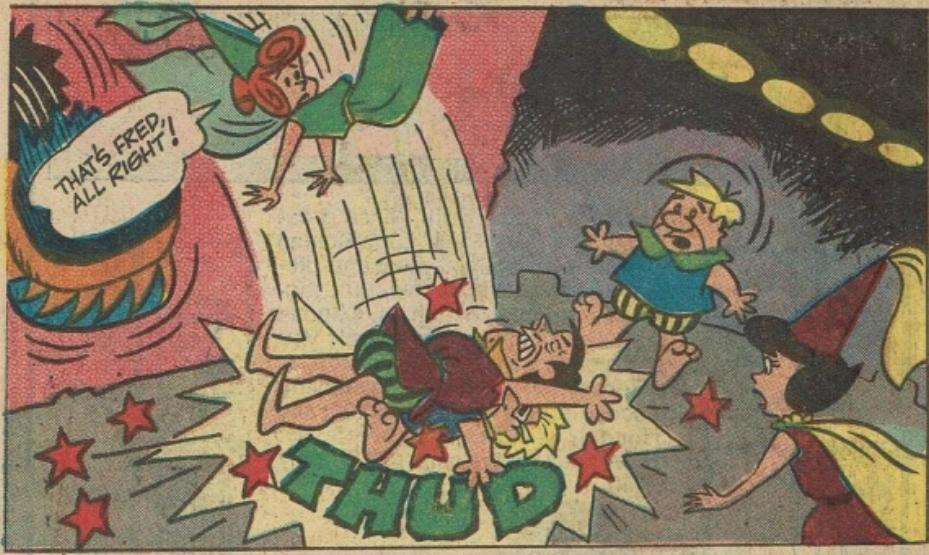
NOT BAD FOR
A RUSH JOB IF
I DO SAY SO
MYSELF!



IT'S ROMEO FLINTSTONE,
THE HANDSOMEST MAN
IN THE WORLD!









theBEDROCK BULLET

Wilma and Betty were gossiping happily when they heard the squeal of speeding wheels at the corner, then the screech of brakes outside Fred Flintstone's house.

"That didn't sound like Fred's car, Wilma," Betty said worriedly.

Wilma sighed. "I know ... and Fred has had that glazed look in his eyes lately. He always looks like that just before he gets the itch to buy a new car."

Betty looked out the window. "If he had the itch, he scratched it, Wilma. Fred bought a new car!"

Wilma groaned. "Oh, no! The other car was perfectly all right."

"Does it go fast, Fred?" Wilma asked worriedly.

"Like a bullet, Wilma! That's what I'm gonna call it ... the Bedrock Bullet." He flicked a speck of imaginary dust off the paint and struck an adventurous pose. "I may even enter the Bedrockopolis 500."

For the first time in her memory, Fred was late to dinner. She had to call him twice before he stopped polishing the Bedrock Bullet.

"Wotta beauty!" Fred exulted. "Yabba-dabba-doo!"

Wilma helped him to broto roast, a mountain of mashed potatoes, and half a bushel (it seemed) of other goodies.

Wilma smiled at Fred. She didn't feel like smiling. She wanted to belt him with the frying pan. "How much did it cost, Fred?"

Fred smiled at her. "That's the best part, Wilma. I only gotta pay \$100 a month for a year ... plus our old car."

"I suppose it's in good running condition, Fred," Wilma said.

"I noticed it had sort of a clickety-bam, clickety-bam sound when you drove up. That isn't serious, I guess."

Fred stopped chewing. Wilma could see the doubt in his eyes. Had he heard a clickety-bam sound, Fred wondered. As soon as he finished all the food on the

table he went back out to the Bedrock Bullet and listened to the engine. Beside him, Dino listened too.

In the morning, with Barney along for moral support, Fred started for Truthful Ted's 15% Guaranteed Used Car Lot. When they arrived, Truthful Ted was lying to another customer so they had to wait. Barney and Fred passed their time shining up the Bedrock Bullet some more. It really looked great. Fred would've been happy except for that blasted clickety-bam in the engine.

"What do you want, Flintstone?" Truthful Ted asked. Fred blinked. Only yesterday, Good Ol' Ted was calling him Freddy and Ol' Buddy and like that.

Fred pointed to the Bedrock Bullet. "That car goes clickety-bam when I start the engine."

"Of course it goes clickety-bam, and you're fortunate I didn't charge you extra for it! That's the sound all great racing cars have to have if they're any good!"

"Well, I don't like it! I got a guarantee so you fix it or I want my money back!"

Ted laughed and then he sneered besides. "What money? You didn't even make a down payment, but that doesn't matter. That guarantee doesn't mean a thing. The car is yours, and you'd better make the payments."

He turned to leave when the customer who'd been rejecting all of Truthful Ted's used cars burst through the door.

"I found the one I want, Ted," the customer said. "The bullet-shaped one outside! How much is it?"

Ted didn't hesitate a second. "\$100 down and \$150 a month for a year is all, Ol' Buddy!"

The guy said "Sold!" and quickly signed a bill-of-sale. Fred looked at Truthful Ted and smiled.

"You just sold my car, Ol' Buddy," Fred said. "Ya could go to jail for that!"

Ted looked at him and smiled sickly. "You wouldn't do that, would you?"

Fred smirked. "I'll take that \$150 down payment and my old car, pal, an' no hard feelings!"

Ten minutes later, the deal was made and Fred drove home \$150 richer.

"Ya know, Barn, if ya listen close, this car goes clickety-bam too!"

Barney nodded. "Of course, Fred. All cars sound like that."

Fred didn't say much on the way home. He was thinking about Wilma. She'd done it to him again.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970, Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION — **FLINTSTONES**

2. DATE OF FILING — 9/10/72

3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE — **EVERY SIX WEEKS**

4. LOCATION OF HEADQUARTERS OR OFFICES OF PUBLICATION — **Durham, North Carolina**

5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS — **Durham, North Carolina**

6. NAME AND ADDRESS OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR AND MANAGING EDITOR

PUBLISHER — **John Sarnapple, Jr., Derby, Connecticut**

EDITOR — **George Willems, Hamden, Connecticut**

MANAGING EDITOR — **George Willems, Hamden, Connecticut**

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Average No. Copies
Paid Circulation 325,000 327,500

B. PAID CIRCULATION

1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS 127,500 128,100

2. STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES 250 250

3. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS 127,750 128,417

C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION 127,750 128,417

D. FREE DISTRIBUTION BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS

SAMPLES, COMPLIMENTARY, AND OTHER FREE 200 .200

E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION (Sum of C and D) 127,950 128,617

F. COPIES NOT DISTRIBUTED

1. LEFT OVER, DESTROYED, OR UNACCOUNTED FOR, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING 9,782 12,300

2. RETURNS FROM NEWS AGENTS 187,268 186,583

G. TOTAL (Sum of E and F — should equal net press run shown in A) 325,000 327,500

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature of Editor) George Willems



THIS IS FANTASTIC!
UNBELIEVABLE! I
GOT A TALKIN' DINO!

WHAT'S SO HARD
ABOUT IT? YOU CAN
TALK, CAN'T YOU?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'VE BEEN
MEANING TO CORRECT YOUR MANNER
OF SPEECH FOR SOME TIME!

YOU SHOULD NEVER
SAY AIN'T!

SAY 'YOU' NOT 'YA'.. AND STOP
YELLING AT EVERYONE ALL THE
TIME! DO YOU COMPREHEND?

CUT IT OUT, DINO! I'M ALMOST
SORRY I TAUGHT YA HOW
TO TALK AT ALL!

YOU COULDN'T
TEACH ME
ANYTHING, FATSO!

WHO YÀ
CALLIN' FA...
WAI A
MINUTE!

THE
GREAT
GAZOO!

YOU'RE THROWIN' YOUR
VOICE, NEEDLE-NOSE!
YOU'RE A VEN....
VENKROLIWIST...
I MEAN...

YES, FATSO, I AM
INDEED A
VENTRILLOQUIST!
IT WAS MY VOICE YOU
HEARD, NOT DINO'S!



THE DAY OF THE CONTEST...

WELL, DINO, YOU READY TO WIN THE BIG CONTEST... WITH GAZOO'S HELP OF COURSE?



LISTEN, GAZOO, DON'T PULL ANY FAST ONES ON ME! I TOLD EVERYBODY DINO'S A MATHEMATICAL GENIUS AN' HE CAN EVEN TALK! IF YOU GOOF OFF, I'LL COMPLAIN TO YER BOSS ON ZILTOX AN' KICK DINO OUT!



NOW, DINO... HOW MUCH IS 22 AND 14?
36, SIR!

DIVIDE
15 BY 3!

3 GOES INTO
15 5 TIMES,
SIR!



WE'RE GONNA WIN
THE CONTEST!
YABBA-DABBA-
DOOOO!!

PLEASE, FRED...
NOT SO LOUD!



A
T THE
BEDROCK

Intelligent
Pet
CONTEST

WHAT DOES YOUR STUPID-
LOOKING PET DO,
FLINTSTONE?

HE ADDS, SUBTRACTS, AND
TALKS BETTER THAN YOU,
MUSH-MOUTH!





The FLINTSTONES Happy New Year??



D-6536 RAY DIBBLE / J. GILL





